

Suck

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 12, 1914
PRICE TEN CENTS



"HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!"

PAINTED BY LOU MAYER

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The New York Evening Post

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NEW YORK CITY

Puck

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PUCK'S \$100 Prize

INTEREST in Puck's weekly prize continues at a high pitch among writers, and on another page you will find the announcement of this week's prize winner. "The success of my little story," writes last week's winner, "is deeply gratifying to me, not so much because of the check (though naturally it is far from unwelcome in these 'war times,') but chiefly because of the encouragement it has given me. You see, this was only my second effort in the literary line, and I therefore was doubtful of my ability to do acceptable work. Now, however, I shall keep right on trying." Thus, you see, PUCK bestows his laurels not alone on the seasoned writer, but upon the beginner as well. It is this policy that has brought to these pages many new writers of great promise, whose work is creating a new and advanced school in American humor.

Puck



A Royal Reception

THIS number shall be "Letters-from-Readers" week, for our "Stay-at-Home" issue apparently struck an enthusiastic chord of approbation in the minds of scores of PUCK's friends, and never have so many pleasing expressions of good will arrived in a single week. The hearty approval of these friends carries a slap-on-the-back of encouragement which cannot but spur PUCK on to renewed efforts. Especially do we appreciate those letters from our friends in the daily newspaper field.

In Praise of De Casseres

"Reno, Nevada.

"Dear PUCK:—Some time ago you invited comment apropos contributions appearing in PUCK. That was when, it might be said, a new PUCK appeared. Since then we have perused each issue with a great deal of interest and have found much matter worthy of the most favorable comment. But not until the current issue reached us have we felt constrained to write of our approval.

"Particularly have we enthused over the makeup of the contribution entitled 'Summer Days in New York's East Side,' this from the pen of Benjamin De Casseres. The article carries a wonderfully vivid description of the people of the 'East Side,' and their ways and tendencies. It bears a remarkable portrayal of the aims and thoughts and ambitions of the thousands who there crowd together, 'pushing their carts' through a life which has little thought for anything save, as Iago said: 'Put money in thy purse.'

"De Casseres handles his diction in splendid and impressive fashion and, with thought that is deep, his articles are bound to make for him a name among the most forceful writers of this time.

Very truly yours,
"BOYD MOORE,
"Nevada News Letter."

A Note of Sincere Criticism

"Bronxville, N. Y.

"Dear PUCK:—Permit me to strike a humble note of praise in the chorus I am hearing since your publication entered on its new career. Barribal's work is exquisite, and of the finest I have seen in American publications of the character of PUCK.

"I like everything about the new sheet, and I like it so well that I feel I may express an opinion without raising a suspicion of carping.

"Why don't you get away from the dry, mordant satire—has been giving us? Why not treat us to some of the broad, American humor of Irvin Cobb's or Stephen Leacock's style? I think it is this kind of humor, a little slap-stick at times, perhaps, that is most indigenous to this young, he-nation of ours, and I for one should like to see more of it in PUCK, which seems to me to hold out infinite promise.

"I like Hunecker's department tremendously, but I do not think golf is universal enough to be conceded a page of your measured space. Think of New York City, with its nearly five millions, and with golf accommodations for about five thousand proving sufficient for its inhabitants. That, I think, is an indication of the small class who follow golf.

"Cartoonists like Chamberlain, thoughtful and socially expressive, are going to prove a big feature. Can't you give us good old John Sloan occasionally? Or Maurice Becker? And Art Young? Those men have bottom,

body, their stuff makes a paper more than ephemeral—lifts it into something vital.

"I cannot understand why the Wall Street column finds a place in your weekly. Surely the daily papers cover that more extensively than you can ever hope to. And the more serious magazines are chock full of the same subject. Remember, you are wearing a cap and bells, and when you get prosy and informative, King Public is going to search for another jester. Every pill you make us swallow should be laughter-coated.

"I'm going to follow you. And my good wishes will, too.

"Very truly,

"IRWIN GRANICH,
"Bronx Valley Press."

"In a Class by Itself"

"Savannah, Ga.

"Dear PUCK:—Since you have invited expressions of opinions from your readers, I am going to avail myself of the opportunity. My pet aversion is the 'Golf Idiot,' and I would suggest that this page be devoted to sports in general—tennis, baseball, etc., alternating with articles on cards, chess, and checkers. Give us good editorials, and continue 'The Seven Arts' page.

"Give us plenty of good jokes, with a spicy one now and then—nothing coarse, of course, but a few with a little Gallic flavor would be enjoyable.

"As far as illustrations go, PUCK is in a class by itself. I think if your work continues America will have a real humorous publication worthy of comparison with the famous European journals.

"Above all, don't change the size or makeup. I think it is just about right. After all this criticism I will close by saying that PUCK has all the other humorous publications in the country 'beaten a mile,' and if others are worth \$5.00 (which they are not) PUCK is worth just twice as much.

"W. C. J."



Put a Dollar to Work

YOU will be surprised at the dividends it will pay in downright, rib-tickling fun. To invite PUCK into the home is to open your door to a measure of mental sunshine seldom radiated from printer's ink and white paper. We have planned some stunning numbers for the fall—some issues that will even surpass those which have during the past few months completely changed the situation in the weekly periodical field. Pin your dollar bill to the coupon and join the ever-widening circle of the discriminating who live and laugh with PUCK.

Puck

301 Lafayette St.
New York

Enclosed find one dollar
(Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26),
for which send Puck, for three
months, to

One Year \$5.00 Canadian \$5.50 Foreign \$6.00



THE IMMIGRANTS

Out of the gloom of an Old World community,
 Into the promise and light of the New,
 Led by the lure of their Great Opportunity,
 Here to the country where visions come true;
 Hopeful they flock to us, timid and wondering,
 Dazed at the door of the land they have sought,
 Refuge they dreamed from oppression and plundering,
 Haven of freedom in deed and in thought.

Now they have come to us, what shall we do with them,
 How shall we answer the dream with the deed?
 Rob and exploit them until we are through with them,
 Offer them up on the altar of Greed,
 Trample and crush them—or lift them from slavery
 Out of the darkness from which they have come?
 Shall they be men—or but creatures unsavory,
 Huddled in tenement, alley and slum?

They will be largely whatever we make of them—
 Promise or menace, a blessing or bane—
 Giving the Best we are willing to take of them,
 Giving their Worst if the Best is in vain;
 Sturdy and strong with their toiling laborious,
 Hopeful and patient and wistful they wait,
 Still in the glamor of dreams that are glorious—
 How shall we welcome them, here at our gate?

Berton Braley.



FORNARO.



"What
Fools
These
Mortals
Be!"

VOL. LXXVI. No. 1958. WEEK ENDING SEPT. 12, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America — and the newest

NOT EXACTLY THE RIGHT MOMENT

The consequences of war are far-reaching. This war, for instance, puts the American Stand-patter in a somewhat embarrassing position. By Stand-patter we mean the Mark Hanna type of Republican politician. Mark Hanna is dead, but the Stand-patter still lives in the man who believes that High Protection is a heaven-sent institution and more sacred than the Ten Commandments.

Just at present this man—quite a number of him—is engaged in forming political platforms for the Congressional elections, platforms on which it is hoped to slide a few more hard-shell Republicans back to the legislative halls of Washington. Naturally these platforms are full of sob stuff about the direful failure of the Wilson tariff to accomplish anything helpful to the American people. They "deplore," and as a matter of course, "denounce." There is but one way to save the United States and that is to restore before it is too late a duplicate of the McKinley, Dingley or Payne-Aldrich duties. Otherwise, the deluge.

That was the situation before the outbreak of European war. When war broke out, something happened. Prices went up, and on being asked for reasons, American dealers in things in general replied that it was due to the strife abroad, and there were dismal prophecies of still higher prices. The American consumer does not take kindly to this idea, and he may take less kindly to the proposition that the way to lead himself out of the wilderness of gloom is to restore a long list of high protective tariffs. This is where gentlemen of the Stand-pat school may be called upon to do some explaining.

It is an unfortunate time to propose a restoration of a high protective tariff, when a war in another hemisphere boosts the price of necessities here and suggests rather plainly that the United States is not self-supporting, but dependent in large measure upon imports. If, with a comparatively low tariff or no tariff schedules at all, imports are so few as to cause famine prices in certain lines, it is up to the Stand-patter to tell us how the high tariff which he worships would make things better and easier. He will do his best without doubt, but even a man who "votes the Republican ticket because his father and his grandfather did" will be able to reason for himself, we think, in this instance. If not, his pocket will reason for him, and reach a quick conclusion.

There is rough sledding ahead for the makers of tariff-planks in Republican platforms. Of what use is it to demand protection for American manufacturers, to insist upon guarding them against foreign competition, when nothing is coming in? The purpose of protection now would be all too apparent. If possible, the



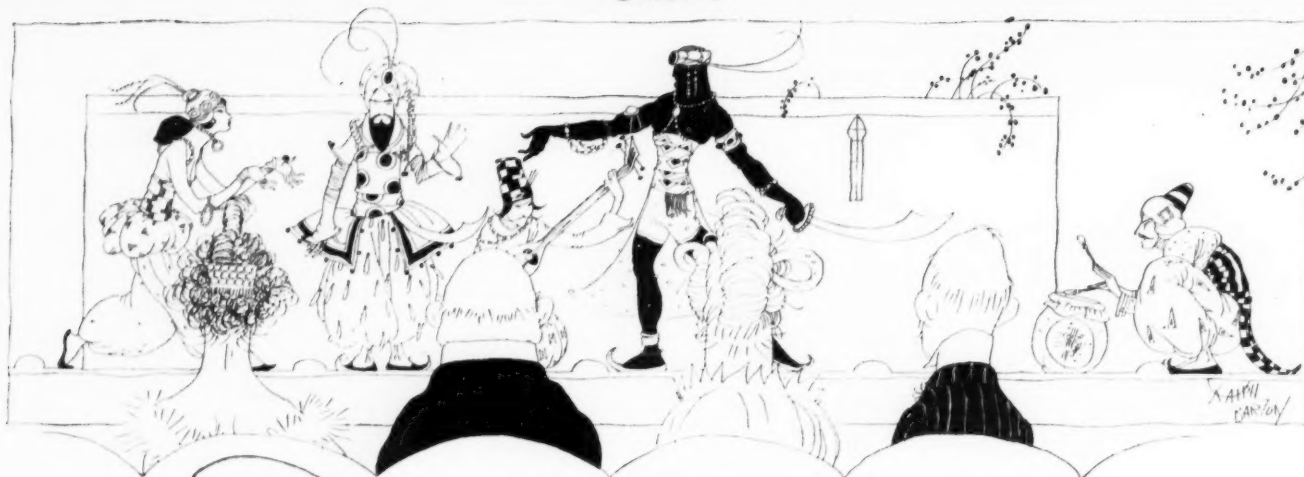
Stand-pat element should arrange to postpone the Congressional elections to some more propitious time. As we remarked at the outset, the consequences of war are far-reaching.

A ruler of a warring nation declares "we shall defend ourselves to the last breath of man and horse." It is also customary, in these days of armored motor cars, to defend oneself to the last drop of gasoline.

To show that the hardships of war are felt even by royalty, it is but necessary to state that the Crown Princess of Germany is having her gowns made in Berlin instead of in Paris.

When anybody speaks of the "same old Bill" nowadays, it is a toss-up whether he means Sulzer or the Kaiser.





The PUPPET SHOP

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

"THE LETTERS"*

being

AN ALPHABETICAL PROBLEM PLAY AFTER THE CELEBRATED MANNER OF SARDOU, PINERO, CHARLES KLEIN, AND OTHER DRAMATISTS OF A BYGONE DAY

FOREWORD: Last season, Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Laurette Taylor attracted considerable attention through appearing in a one-word play—a play in one act, each line of whose dialogue consisted of a single word. In order to meet the insistent public demand for constantly increased novelty, I submit herewith what is undoubtedly the dernier cri in dramatic literature—a play in one letter!

Characters

ZACHARY EBBSMITH - The usual problem play husband
FELICIA EBBSMITH - The usual problem play wife
ROBERT CHARTERIS - The usual problem play lover
JENKINS - The usual problem play butler

Scene

The drawing-room of Ebbsmith's house. Any old set will do, provided only there is a portiere-hung entrance at R. 2, in which the husband may make his unexpected appearance.

Time

AN EVENING IN MAY

Place

NEW YORK

When the curtain rises, Mrs. Ebbsmith (a stunning brunette, with an uncanny likeness to Mrs. Patrick Campbell), is discovered in Charteris' arms.

MRS. E. (in passionate ecstasy): O!

CHARTERIS (ditto): O!

(Zachary Ebbsmith duly appears in doorway at R. 2. The lovers cannot see him as their backs are turned.)

MRS. E. (still in passionate ecstasy): O!

CHARTERIS (ditto): O!

(Mrs. Ebbsmith frees herself reluctantly from Charteris' embrace. She turns and catches sight of Ebbsmith.)

MRS. E. (cowering before her husband's steady gaze): U!

EBBSMITH (quietly): I.

CHARTERIS (under his breath): G!

MRS. E. (sinking to her knees before Ebbsmith, seizing his hands in supplication, and looking at him appealingly): "Z!"

EBBSMITH (angrily withdrawing his hand): U—

MRS. E. (in tears, interrupting): R?

EBBSMITH (violently, between his teeth): A—

MRS. E. (in tears, again cutting in): A?

EBBSMITH (with a laugh): J!

CHARTERIS (in great surprise): J?

EBBSMITH (repeating, nodding his head): J!!

CHARTERIS (in wonder): Y?

MRS. E. (ditto): Y?

EBBSMITH (with a grim smile, displaying a bundle of letters): C!

(Mrs. E. and Charteris look at each other in alarm, realizing now what Ebbsmith's ironic twitting meant.)

MRS. E.: O!

CHARTERIS: H—!

EBBSMITH (waving his letters tauntingly under his wife's eyes): C!

(Mrs. E. endeavors to speak. She tries to summon courage to ask Ebbsmith how and where he got the carelessly-guarded, incriminating letters, but her lips are muffled through fear. Ebbsmith waits patiently, sneeringly. Then, seeing his wife's hopeless struggle to phrase the question—)

EBBSMITH (quietly taking a five dollar bill from his wallet, and holding it aloft, with a significant smile): A—

CHARTERIS (puzzled): A?

EBBSMITH (nodding toward entrance at R. 2): V.

MRS. E. (beginning to comprehend): O!

(She rushes to bell. She presses it in order to summon the bribed Jenkins and lodge her accusations against him for his deceit. There is a pause. Enter Jenkins. Mrs. Ebbsmith makes to speak. Ebbsmith interrupts her.)

EBBSMITH (to Jenkins, quietly): T.

(Jenkins nods and exits. There is another pause. Charteris attempts to conceal his nervousness by puffing nonchalantly at a cigarette. Jenkins enters with the tea. Ebbsmith motions his wife and Charteris to take their seats at the small table. Puzzled, they obey. Jenkins pours and exits.)

EBBSMITH (taking from his pocket two railroad tickets, one of which he hands Charteris): U.

CHARTERIS (perplexed): I?

EBBSMITH (nodding firmly): U!

(Ebbsmith now hands the other ticket to his wife.)

EBBSMITH (as he gives it into her puzzled hands; in same tone as before): U!

MRS. E. (in a tone of nervous bewilderment): I?

EBBSMITH (nodding, firmly): U!

(Mrs. E. and Charteris look at each other. Their expressions suggest anything but a feeling of personal comfort. They look at each others tickets.)

MRS. E. (reading name of road on top of ticket): "B—" (Her eyes, still dimmed by tears, prevent her from seeing the rest. She starts to mumble the "and" which follows the "B") "n—" (but gets no further, and breaks down crying.)

CHARTERIS (finishing the name of the road): "O."

(Charteris and Ebbsmith look at each other fixedly across the tea-table.)

CHARTERIS (deliberately): U—

(Ebbsmith lifts his eyebrows.)

CHARTERIS (holly): B—

(Ebbsmith lifts his eyebrows.)

CHARTERIS (choking back the "damned," and flinging down his hand in disgust at the whole business): "L!"

EBBSMITH (rising, going to door and holding aside the portieres, significantly): P!

MRS. E. (sobbing out her reawakened old love for Zachary): "Z!"

EBBSMITH (insisting; in even tone): D!

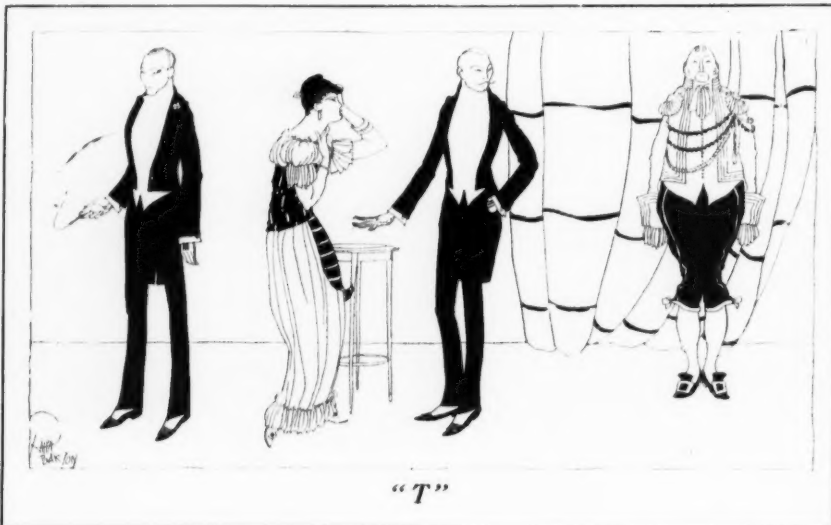
MRS. E. (sobbing wildly): "Z!"

EBBSMITH (with absolute finality): Q!!

Charteris throws a rap around Mrs. Ebbsmith's shoulders and starts to lead her from the room. At the doorway, with a cry of anguish, Mrs. Ebbsmith breaks from Charteris' arm and throws herself into the arms of her husband. A smile spreads over the latter's features as he realizes the complete effectiveness of the cure he has practised upon his wife, of the stratagem by which he has won her away from Charteris forever, of the trickery by which he has shown Charteris up to her for the insincere philanderer he is, of the device of pretending to concur in her and Charteris' plan to elope. He clasps her close to him and presses a kiss on her brow. Charteris takes up his hat, gloves, and stick, and tip-toes from the room as there falls the

CURTAIN

* Acting rights reserved by author.



ON PLAYS THAT ARE "TOO HORRIBLE"

It is the conventional American objection to a night at the Grand Guignol that many of the plays presented there are "too horrible." Says

the *voyageur*: "A play in which a character is choked to death! Uhhh!" And, saying, he makes himself a face of large disrelish. Says the *voyageur*: "A play in which a character dies of cholera! Uhhh!" And, saying, he makes himself a nose of much-wrinkled aversion. A queer coccus, this *voyageur* of ours. A play in which a tiresome character is choked to death disgusts him; yet give him a play in which a tiresome character is

not choked to death, and he is enchanted, bewitched, and proceeds to vote it an amusing and uplifting spectacle. A play in which an objectionable character is made to die of cholera is to him a most odious and depressing play; but give him a play in which the same boresome character is permitted to get well and continue a spewing of platitudes and he is a delighted and entertained man, and proceeds to vote it a pleasant and agreeable presentation. When will such misled souls learn that the actually "too horrible" plays are not the French plays of the Guignol brand in which the characters are murdered,



poisoned, or otherwise put to death, but the American plays of the "Kitty McKay" brand, in which the characters are *not* murdered, poisoned, or otherwise put to death!

DRAMATIC DEFINITIONS

Sympathy.—A sensation of deep pity which an American theatrical audience is ordered to feel for all married women whose husbands cruelly neglect them between the hours of 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. in order to earn enough money to support them, and for all additional married women whom the aforesaid husbands visit between the hours of 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. when their husbands have cruelly neglected them in order to earn enough money to support them and the unmarried women whom they visit between the hours of 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. In other words, a sensation of heart-moving compassion for everybody but men.

Suspense.—A sensation of extreme nervous excitement which an American audience is ordered to feel for the future fate of two characters who, the audience knows absolutely, will be found safely and happily in each others arms at eleven o'clock.

Surprise.—A sensation of amazement which an American audience is ordered to experience at those particular points in a play where the characters cease to act in a normal, natural manner, and proceed to conduct themselves like the ends of chapters in a best seller.

ON IMAGINATION AND BALD HEADS

Contrary to every word hitherto delivered on the subject, I protest that the only position from which to witness a play is a seat in the very first row. It is a favorite argument against my contention that such a seat, being too close to the stage, tends to a rape of the spectator's imagination through giving him a too near look at the actors in their now obvious rouge and mascara, at the holes and grease spots in the scenery, at the perspiring, shirt-sleeved prompter in the wings, at the shaky canvas of "marble" castles. So far, so good. But which is the lesser of two evils—to sit in the first row and contend with these after all trivial, easily-to-be-surmounted barriers to romance and imagination, or to sit further back in the auditorium and attempt to cope imaginatively with the unraveling of delicate romances over an intervening sea of bald heads? And not only bald heads, but female heads of sticky hirsutal architecture, of glutinous curls and scraggy little tails of back-hair, of nauseating, unmistakable switches and "rats" and coils, the lot gauded up with Broadway rhinestones and dyed chicken feathers?

Picture yourself seated, say in the seventh or eleventh or fourteenth row, and attempting to immerse your imagination in the color of the stage with your eyes ceaselessly, relentlessly

(Continued on page 23)



LOAFERS



THE NEWS IN RIME

The Kaiser called the Russian Tzar
An "Asiatic Barber";*
A lot of ocean beagle-hounds
Are stuck about the harbor.
The shipping bill is getting on—
Which strikes us rather cheerful;
The well-known Jap.
Has joined the scrap,
And Sulzer's feeling tearful.

*Popular contraction for "barbarian."



The hottest day of all the year
Was had by old Manhattan;
The Colonel and his policies
Have lately been au gratin.
The football war will soon impend,
That erstwhile loomed so gory,
But now it seems
Like pleasant dreams—
A pale and limping story!

The Army-Navy game, they say,
May break in Gotham's domain;
The local news is occupied
With politics and ptomaine.
A Maxim gun has been devised
To foil the bird-men's drama;
Dick Davis sent
The news from Chent
At twenty bones, a comma.

Carranza's hosts—recall the name?
Have marched into the city;
A batch of autumn plays arrived
With ancient jest and ditty.
The packers say the cost of meat
Has simply soared above them;
The price of chops
Went up by hops—
And, golly, how we love 'em!

John Henry Doe was called to probe
The luxury of living;
'Tis said the war will not prevent
The sport of op'ra giving.
Vic. Huerta, as we chime to press,
Has not yet joined the squabble,
The sun has got
A brand new spot,
And Turkey wants to gobble.



A noiseless sleeping car was planned
By one enlightened system;
As Britain's soldiers reached the front,
The ladies up and kissed 'em.
An Esquimaudlin totem pole
Is Broadway's latest treasure;
The Peace Parade
Has been mislaid,
And we could freeze with pleasure.



The Food Department says to live
On memories and mussels;
We trust the Uhlan gentlemen
Will not kick holes in Brussels.
The Belgian army, foot and horse,
Did all that mortals could do;
The——* band
Has swept the land,
Just as we said it would do!

*German, British, Russian, Serbian, Austrian,
Allied—fill in to suit individual taste.

Dana Burnet

EUGENIA

Her name was Eugenia. Her surname matters not, as she was soon to discard it for another.

His name was Clement, which was never abbreviated, even by his familiars. He was devoted to science, and in the study of bacteriology, to use a term not strictly technical, he was a pippin. Their tastes were similar, the result being as usual.

She was studying for the cult of which he was a past master, and was to graduate as soon as she was educated beyond her intelligence; then, a wedding of science.

She was his chemical affinity; they were to each other as copper is to zinc, and a galvanic thrill permeated their collective atoms whenever they met.

The event took place in the non-feverish month of June. After passing an Eugenic examination, in which delicacy was supplanted by physiological data, the pair became a single unit.

They went to their home, which had been reconstructed with a strict eye to the *dernier nouveaute hygienique*.

It stood on the east bank of a Pasteurized stream where the trout, vaccinated with anti-ptomaine serum, played in the chemically pure water, in manner piscatorial not unmixed with dignity.

The climate was gloriously negative and non-irritating in the summertime, nor in the winter eyther for that matter.

They entered the house hand in hand, with no fear of contagion, as they wore asbestos gloves, fleece-lined with Platt's chlorides and back-stitched with formaldehyde. Looking through the curtains of anti-septic gauze, they beheld the garden, their garden. Nature was emphasized and glorified by science. The lawn was a beautiful Paris green, studded with arsenic bushes, and in the background was a grove of chloride-of-lime trees.

The house-furnishings were a scientific marvel. The carbolized Persian rugs blended in harmonious discord with the copperas trimmings of the furniture, while the Cupids that formerly decorated the walls were replaced by a bacteriological carnival, led by the major coccus.

A non-infectious feeling of content overcame Eugenia and, putting a germ-catcher over her mouth, she breathed a sterilized sigh of relief. In responsive ecstasy and a paroxysmal burst of affection, Clement seized a square of glass and holding it between them, their lips were pressed in a long lingering kiss on either side, thus avoiding infection from osculatory bacilli.

Thus it went on, both breathing the filtered air of their domicile and leading a life of bromidial content that bordered on listerated happiness.

Then came a change.

Poor Eugenia! The germ of melancholy seemed to have settled upon her. Her appetite became capricious. She longed for unscientific food.

Clement paced the room with an impatience that was at variance with his



MILITARISM

The McJones Family has a New Phonograph Record of U. S. Army Bugle Calls

usual mathematical composure. Presently the emotionless nurse entered and announced in a sterilized voice: "It's a male!"

Clement was led to the adjoining room to inspect "Exhibit A."

"It" was perfect in form and had the inflamed appearance of a natural infant, irritated by excessive good health.

Clement was puzzled for the moment; then the "male" uttered a squawk intensely human; then, and not until then, the scientist was convinced. Science had failed signally.

"It" was a child! Joseph W. Herbert.

THE NAKED TRUTH

"Cupid never grows any older!" cried the romantic spinster.

"Well, I guess it's a good thing for him he doesn't," replied the crusty old bachelor. "Considering his lack of attire, he'd probably get pinched if he should grow much older."

ECONOMY

"It's perfectly scandalous," said Grandfather, "the way waist necks are coming down and skirt hems are going up."

"Women are economizing," said Grandmother, dryly. "Soon they will be making one piece of tape do for neck-band and skirt-binding."

HIS COMPLAINT

"I object," declared the Hon. Bray Lowder, "to this government tendering its good office to the warring powers of Europe! Why, hang it all, there ain't enough good offices to go around among the patriots here at home, let alone wasting 'em on foreigners!"

THE WAY IT WORKED

SCROGGINS: Well, do you still belong to the High Thinking cult?

NUTLEY: Naw! While I was busy repeating "Health, wealth, success," the fellow just below me grabbed my job.



"Safety First"

A MASTERFUL MAN

(A Soliloquy)

Reported by Cleveland Moffett

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

I was strolling down Fifth Avenue one afternoon when I discovered that I had lost a valuable ring. I had let it fall from my watch-chain opposite the public library, which was a great pity, as it had been given me by a distinguished personage who had entertained me during my stay in Egypt, and was believed to have talismanic power. I am singularly free from superstition, yet I have always believed in the power of this ring.

Without losing an instant, I turned and retraced my steps. The ring might have rolled into some cranny of the sidewalk and remained there unobserved by the hurrying crowds. I would cheerfully have paid fifty dollars to recover this ring, I might say a hundred dollars, although the stone's intrinsic value was trifling. I have my own standards of valuation, and when I want a thing I want it.

I had scarcely gone half a block, however, when I came face to face with a young woman of extraordinary beauty, and I was amazed to find myself stopping short, turning, staring, and then, forgetful of the ring, following after this lady as she proceeded calmly and correctly on her way, quite unmindful of my presence, and without any of those beguilements and allurements by which beautiful women, since time began, have drawn men from their serious purposes.

We crossed Thirty-fourth Street and continued down the avenue, past the stately Holland House, and all the time I was marveling at this incredible lapse on my part. I have always been singularly free from any weakness or waverings touching the fair sex. I never flirt. I never ogle. I consider that sort of thing altogether despicable. Why, then, was I following this lady whom I had never seen and from whom I had not received the slightest encouragement? What did it mean?

As we approached Madison Square the answer to my misgivings came clear and comforting. It was no reprehensible philandering that had brought me here, no untoward weakening of moral fibre. On the contrary, I was acting under a compelling destiny and was following this lady because she had picked up the ring that I had lost. There was no other explanation of my conduct. She *must* have picked up the ring.

Reassured on this point, and re-established in my own self-esteem, I allowed my eyes to rest upon this ravishing messenger of fate, noticing with approval the fine lines of her figure under its modish apparel, and the mass of reddish golden hair coiled low on her dazzling white neck. The emotional work of the world, in my opinion, has been done by women with hair like that.

We had now reached the south side of Twenty-third Street and the lady paused as if consider-

On this page appears Puck's Prize Story for the week. Puck offers \$100 weekly for the most humorous story, sketch or playlet, preferably within one thousand words; or for the most humorous bit of verse, the latter not to exceed seventy-five lines. Anyone, except a member of Puck's regular staff, is eligible to enter manuscript for the weekly award. Puck reserves the right to purchase at its regular rates any contribution among those submitted for the prize. Manuscripts should be marked "Prize Contest" and a stamped and addressed envelope should accompany each.

ing her plans, then raised her hand to an approaching 'bus. Without a moment's hesitation I stepped aboard after her. One glance showed me that the 'bus was empty. We were alone. I waited until my companion was comfortably seated, then, with a blending of dignity and affability that is characteristic of me, I



And still the lady had not spoken one word

addressed the lady. "I beg your pardon, madam," I said, "but—did you pick up a ring—just now—near the public library?"

She looked at me out of clear, unembarrassed eyes, wonderful blue eyes with the depth of sapphires. She was even more beautiful than I

had thought, a young patrician of twenty-six or twenty-seven, not a day older than twenty-seven. I have a startling faculty for telling ages.

Before she could speak I continued with a certain gracious friendliness that always puts people at their ease: "The ring in question has a brown stone in it—carved with old Armenian characters and—"

She was again about to speak, her generous red lips were already parting when I checked her. Our eyes met. She flushed and looked down. I caught the gleam of her copper-burnished braids and thought of certain diamond and sapphire ornaments and a diamond and sapphire necklace that I had purchased once in London for another purpose. At last I had found a woman worthy to wear these matchless gems.

We had now reached Washington Square, and, as the 'bus stopped at its destination, the lady arose and with a smile that almost ravished me opened her handbag and drew forth the ring. I bowed in my most courtly manner. "Thank you exceedingly, dear madam. I value this ring far more than I can tell you, and chiefly because—because—"

Do not think that I was ill at ease in this emergency. On the contrary, I was never more the master of myself, but I did not wish to alarm the lady by any abruptness in the declaration I was now resolved to make, a declaration that must, in the nature of things, fill her with strong emotion.

"Dear madam," I said, "I have a request to make that you cannot refuse. You must ride back with me on this 'bus, so that I may explain a purpose that concerns you deeply. I would be incapable of requesting this except for the most urgent reason. Thank you!"

With wondering and half-troubled eyes, yet graciously, the lady resumed her seat, and straightway we proceeded on our uptown journey. It was a gratifying tribute to my masterful powers.

I must admit that this situation interested me enormously. In my life I have faced and overcome redoubtable adversaries, but never did I undertake a more difficult task than that which now confronted me. I was resolved to lay myself at this lady's feet, my splendid career, my fortune, all that I was and was to be; in short, I proposed to make her my wife. Which would have been simple enough, no doubt, had I been content to proceed in the conventional way—to reveal my name and high place in the world. But no! I wished

to take her by storm, to sweep her off her feet, to win her as an unknown man, by sheer force of the eye, of the voice, of the personality. A mad caprice, do you say? No! It was an inspiration, a splendid inspiration that could flash only from a great soul.

(Continued on page 20)

POTING WITH THE POTES

AS a person of discernment, I have read with keenest pleasure that which seems to be (seems, mind you) the big art form of to-morrow. I refer to those canzoni made by gentlemen of England, made by Ezra Pound of London (he was born this side of the water, though that's quite inconsequential and I don't know why I said it), made by Ezra and his comrades in the Land of Middle Classes.

They are looking for a Freedom (not the Freedom found by Woodrow) but a freedom in their verses, freedom from the rules of rhyming and the meted bounds of meter. So they write their lucubrations in an easy-like arrangement, poetry without the corsets.

And this style is so entrancing that I took from off my table books on Logic, Economics, Cat Dissection, and a pamphlet sent out by the U. S. Guvment, something from the Dept. of Agric. And from each of these said volumes I found here and there a sentence which I yanked into this art form, adding only to its beauty one last line to sort of round it, one last line to kind of get you, one last line to make it harder—like the Englishman's conundrum. For I said on reading *their* stuff anyone can be a poet, anyone can lisp in lyrics—I can do it. And I done so:

CASEUS

From the standpoint of the retail dealer cheese is important because it is a convenient article to handle. Its percentage of nutriment being high and its percentage of water low it is not bulky. Do you hear that, you scoundrelly delicatessenist?

HOI POLLOI

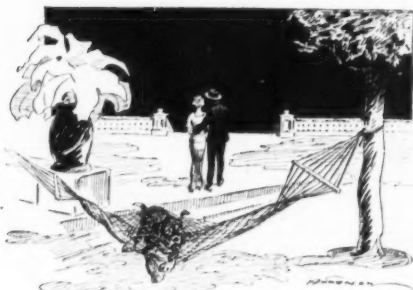
The Illinois Labor Report For Eighteen Eighty Six Publishes returns from representative workingmen, estimating that for eighty-five thousand Three hundred twenty-nine workingmen The average time at work was only Thirty-seven and one one-hundredth Weeks. God, I do not believe in you.

TO THE MEMORY OF G. W.

The mean, Since it stands Over against the individual, will have the significance of the universal (Para. 153, obs. 5); but since the individual can be subject to the universal only by being subsumed under it, it stands over against the universal and has the value of a particular. But where?

PAGAN

In the auricular Septum ventrad Of the opening Is seen a faintly marked Smooth oval depression, The fossa ovalis. 10 TRIUMPHE! The legs of the dancers flash in the moonlight!



IN THE MESHERS

PUP: What a fool I was to investigate this spider web!



FIFTY-FIFTY

MRS. WAYUPP: Are you going to take your husband to the seashore with you?
MRS. BLASE: I don't know. If he goes he will ruin his stomach, and if he stays home he will ruin the house.

THE PUBLIC SERVANT

Smith Johnson held a public office. Not a very important public office, nor yet an unimportant one. Just between and betwix, as the saying goes. He was a deputy commissioner or superintendent or something like that, with a little local authority.

As soon as he got into office Smith Johnson began to look about him. In what way could he make a name for himself, an honorable name? He hadn't been long on the job before he saw that a great deal of public money was spent recklessly and needlessly. It had always been so he ascertained. It was still so. He determined in the public interest to stop it. And he succeeded so well that after a while certain influential persons came to him and said:

"See here, Smith Johnson! What are you trying to do? If you keep up these cheese-paring economies, and keep on making these howls for reform, the gang will get down on you."

Whereat Smith Johnson replied:

"Let them. I am a public servant and I am laboring solely in the public interest."

Those who had warned him laughed at this and went away, and Smith Johnson went right on doing his duty by the great public which employed him.

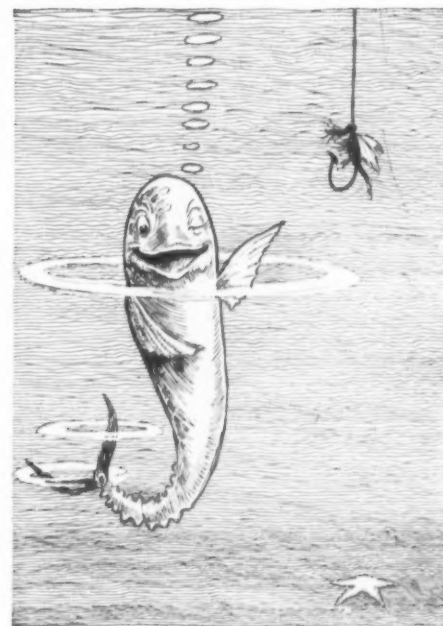
With what result? Well, one day there was an election, and although Smith Johnson's party was left in power, he himself was ousted. His was an appointive office and someone else, it seemed, had more of a claim on it than he did. It was all very regrettable, you understand, but political obligations had to be met, etc.

He never held office again. The public, in whose service he had labored, soon forgot that there was ever such a man as Smith Johnson. The organization, however, never forgot him.

Which is to say: The public forgets, but the gang remembers. So what's the use?

HINT TO ECONOMIC WRITERS

In speaking of prices always treat them as if they were something alive and wilful; something that moved about of their own accord far above the power of mere human beings to change or control them. Speak as if the prices of trust commodities, having a low specific gravity, raise themselves in spite of the helpless wailing of consumers and in spite of those efficient trust officials who would be only too glad to work overtime to keep prices down if they only thought it would do any good.



MARINE INTELLIGENCE



Hy
Mayer

By HY MAYER

RED OR BLACK?

THE ADVENTURES OF MYRTLE

By Lewis Allen

CHAPTER I

Myrtle Mannering tripped daintily down the steps of the Great Western Hotel in Rum Gulch, Arizona. When she turned the corner a dark man overtook her, and without a word of explanation threw his cape over her head and lifted her into a waiting automobile.

Myrtle could not scream, but she kicked the dark man viciously on the shins.

"Cheese it, Myrtle, you don't have to do that, you know," said the dark man.

It was evident he knew her.

CHAPTER II

Dick Redfield, the cowboy, dashed up on his pony. Throwing the bridle to a youth he mounted a motor cycle and started out over the plains.

"Chug-a-chug, put-put-put-put," went his motor cycle. Dick forged ahead of the car, swung around, stopped, leaped to the ground and leveled two revolvers at the occupants of the car.

"Set that girl out of the car!" demanded Dick.

The men obeyed.

Dick put Myrtle on the rear seat of his motor cycle and started back toward Rum Gulch.

CHAPTER III

As Dick with his fair passenger rounded a corner of the precipice road he saw a rope stretched across it. On one side the solid rock arose for a hundred feet.

On the other side was a sheer fall of a hundred feet into the river. He was forced to stop.

As he went forward to examine the rope a band of Indians surrounded him, tied him to a tree and started away with Myrtle, now struggling worse than ever.

CHAPTER IV

Dick writhed at his bonds, finally he got one hand free enough to raise, he chewed off the knot and was soon released. Then he started over the trail left by the Indians.

When he arrived at their camp he found Myrtle bound to a tree.

Stealing up he unfastened the thongs and released her. But the Indians discovered and surrounded him. With a revolver in each hand he shot eleven of them before they overpowered him. Then they tied him to a stake and proceeded to build a fire about him.

CHAPTER V

Myrtle ran but a short distance when she came back to see how Dick was faring.

The bloodthirsty varmints were just applying the torch. Taking a revolver from one of the dead Indians she shot three of the redskins who were setting the fire. The others fled.

CHAPTER VI

Dick and Myrtle started to walk along the trail.

Again the treacherous Indians leaped out. Dick drew his revolver but it was useless. He had exhausted his ammunition.

The Indian chief, leering, came forward and put his hand on Myrtle.

The precipice was within two feet of them.

CHAPTER VIII

The dark villain was cursing horribly.

He got out the tools and started to repair the tire.

Just as that was repaired Myrtle punctured another.

In rage the dark villain struck Myrtle and took away the stiletto. Then he repaired the other tire.

CHAPTER IX

When Dick fell back into the water the coolness

restored him to consciousness. Instead of swimming out to fight the dark villain he floated down stream, and came up behind him. With a heavy blow from the butt of his revolver he stunned him.

Dick and Myrtle, in the car, finally reached a little house beside a log church in Rum Gulch. They entered. The good parson took his Bible, called his wife and a colored servant as witnesses, and married Dick and Myrtle.

Then Myrtle fell into her hero's arms and he kissed her.

The dark man arrived.

Then came the Indian chief and another automobile with a couple of men in it.

The Indians and some others also rode up.

A stout man wearing a light checked suit and smoking a big black cigar appeared.

CHAPTER X

"Great!" exclaimed the man in the checked suit.

"Great," sneered Myrtle.

"Say, look here, Mr. Enheim, do you think I'm goin' to risk my fool neck doin' that precipice dive and work all day on a five-reel play for fifty dollars per?"

"Now, Myrtle—" began the man in the checked suit.

"Yer right, Myrtle," said the Indian chief, "and just so long as you're my wife I won't stand for it. The Charlotte Russe Film Company would pay you one hundred dollars per."

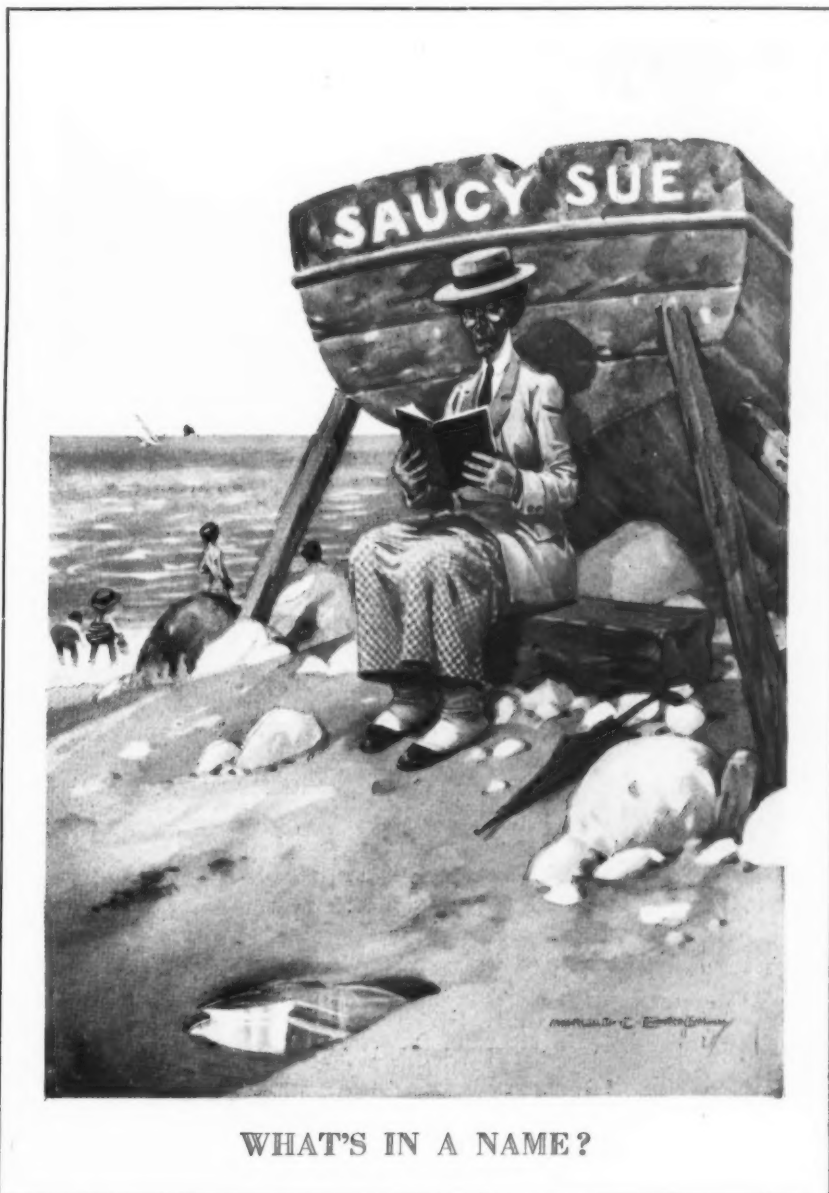
"You don't have to kick me in the shins like that," grumbled the dark villain, "you hurt."

"And look here, Mister Barkowitz, don't be so realistic with them kisses; remember, Myrtle is my wife," growled Bill.

"I didn't mean no harm," said Barkowitz, otherwise Dick the hero.

"To-morrow we put on that lynching scenario, three reels," said the man in the checked suit, "you ride Spitfire, the bucking broncho, Mrs. Cassidy."

But Mrs. Cassidy, otherwise Myrtle, didn't hear, she had gone in the other room to make William, her twelve-year-old son, and Hortense, her fourteen-year-old daughter, quit throwing the supper dishes at each other.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

CHAPTER VII

Suddenly clasping Myrtle in his arms Dick leaped over the precipice and together they plunged into the river below.

Dick held Myrtle in his arms and struck out for the shore.

But their joy was short-lived, for the dark man was there.

He dealt Dick a powerful blow and knocked him back into the water, dragged Myrtle to his automobile and placed her in it, then started to crank his car.

Drawing a stiletto Myrtle punctured a tire.

PLOTS OF THE MOVIES

In the Days of '61

A Civil Warfield drama, this,
With horses, guns and powder;
The paper bullets scream and hiss,
To frenzied cries of "Louder!"

Jack Spencer wields a Yankee blade,
But here's the complication:
Bettina is a Southern maid—
You see the situation?

Virginia was their home, of course
(That scarcely need be written),
But when he joined the Northern force,
She handed him the mitten.

Our hero makes so brave a scout
That Grant is glad he drew him;
But late one night, while Jack is out,
The Southerners pursue him.

The night is black as purple ink
And purpler than the raven;
He plunges on—where do you think
He finds a sheltering haven?

Bettina's home? Where did you get
The dope? You musta been there;
The soldiers knock and ask of Bet:
"Is anybody in there?"

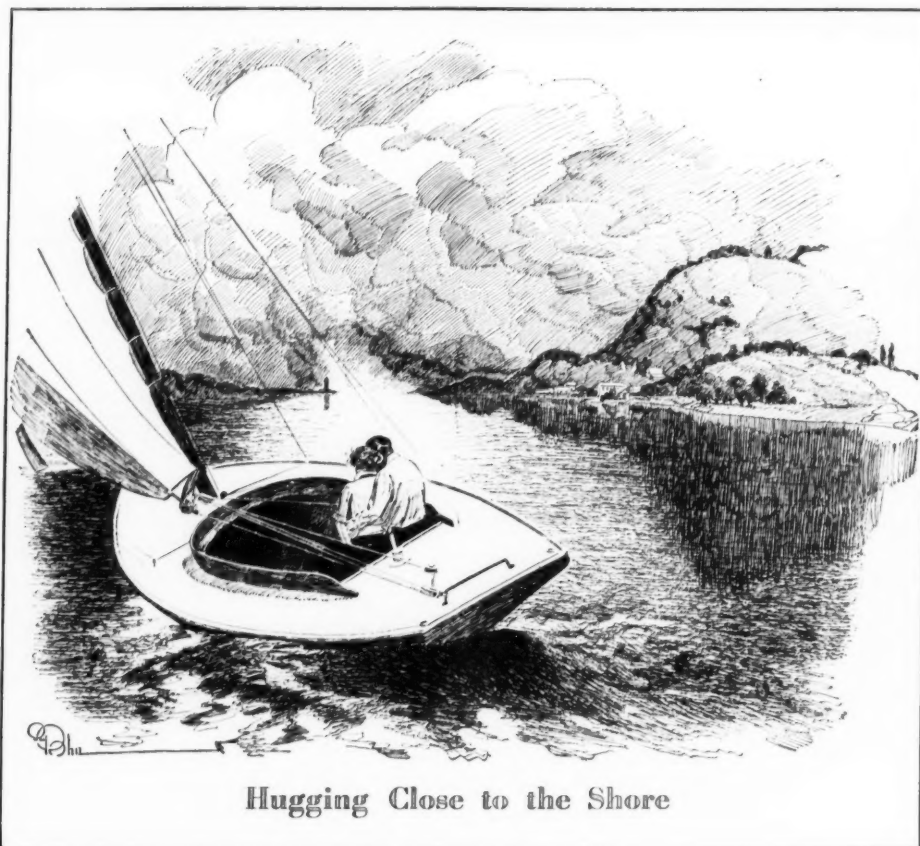
Imagine then the awful fix
Of that Virginia beauty!
Her heart emits a whisper, "Nix,"
But ah! her Southern duty!

"We'll take a look, if you don't mind."
"Go on," says Bet, dramatic;
They search, but Jack is safe behind
A picture in the attic.



TO BE EXACT

BELLA: What do you weigh now, dearie?
LENA: One hundred and ten in my bath
robe, and one hundred and nine dressed.



Hugging Close to the Shore

But with the exit of the men,
Bettina screams: "I hate you!
I'll never speak to you again!
Oh, I abominate you!"

To heal, in time, so crool a sore,
Jack Spencer, thus upbraided,
Goes out and wins the Civil War,
Apparently unaided.

"Five Years Elapse"—again the plot:
Bettina in a garden;
And oh! she wishes she had not
Allowed her heart to harden.

But wait! Yon form! That manly brow!
Yes, yes! It must be Spencer's!
He starts to kiss her pretty mou—
Approved by Board of Censors.

G. S. K.

THE USUAL WAY

"I have not investigated the matter at all thoroughly," stated Merton Sanford, "but from what little I've heard I judge that the common or garden specimens of humanity behave just about as I do when they encounter those complicated and obfuscating names of places in the war news, like 'Zolutschutue', 'Schiermonik Oog', 'Volutschigk' and so on. I pronounce 'em 'Haw-hum' or 'Aur-rum', and let it go at that; just as I usually call a feller whose monicker I can't remember, 'What's-his-name' or 'Old Man Wizzlewuzzle', and go right on."

TAKING NO CHANCES

PROSPECTIVE FATHER-IN-LAW: You've got some crust to ask me for an advance payment of the dowry. I think you are a fortune-hunter.
THE COUNT: Oh, no, Monsieur, I am only what you Americans call ze "Safety First" crank.

OH, GOODY!

(Copyrighted, 1914, by National Whiskers Co.)

She has known him for five full—his both arms have been—minutes, and already she calls him "Jack," instead of "Mr. Smith."

"Anita," he remarks, "is a very pretty name—but haven't you any nickname?"

"Yes," she admits, blushing. "They call me Uneeda!"

"Well," he says, "I shall call you Zu-zu."

Five minutes later, as he kisses away a bisquito bite on her cheek, he inquires: "Tell me, who's Zuzu is oo's-oo?"

She reaches for the bell and orders Five o'Clock Tea. "Have a cracker, Jack?"

After tea they go to the piano. Together they sing, "Love Will Find a Wafer Us."

Enter the father. Business of quarreling.

"You cannot have my daughter, sir!"

The young man ginger-snaps his fingers at him. "A Fig Newton for you!" he exclaims.

Then he hastens to Nabiscoat, hat and cane. Quick curtain.



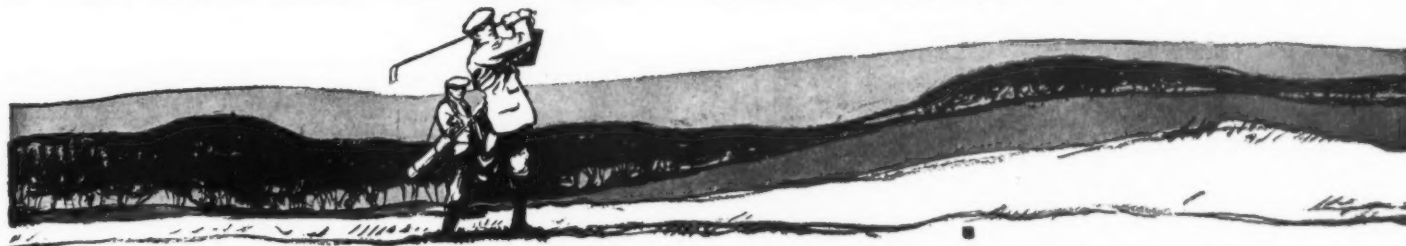
A MEASURE OF ECONOMY

KEEGAN: What did ye pay for that sheaf of wheat ye sent to Jerry's funeral?

ROONEY: Five dollars.

KEEGAN: Five dollars! Why didn't ye send a bag av oats?

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT *by* P. A. VAILE



Author of "Modern Golf," "The Soul of Golf," "How to Learn Golf," Etc.

WRONG AGAIN

There is nobody so irritating as the man who is always right. He is generally a fool or a bore—or both—peddling second-hand knowledge.

There are, of course, exceptions.

To err is human. We do not desire to be superhuman. Recently we tried to come down to earth. We tried to show that we had been wrong.

Nay, even did we pay to one John MacLeod, of Calgary, Alberta, the sum of one hundred dollars, because he had got as near to proving us wrong as we expected anyone to.

Now we are "up against it" again. There arises a man signing himself "A. G. Putter," who writeth us as followeth, and let it be understood that this A. G. Putter knoweth that of which he writeth—or some thereof.

At the time we parted with our good money to Mr. MacLeod of Calgary we said that we need not have done so unless we were really looking for a chance to drop some money, having so much in the golf department that sometimes it is troublesome.

This may have seemed to some a grudging acceptance of defeat, but now cometh "A. G. Putter" who stoutly and ably maintains that the payment of the one hundred dollars and the "half-hearted" acceptance of Mr. MacLeod's contention, is the first time we have been wrong in this our page.

Now, verily, it would arride us much to award Mr. Putter one hundred dollars for showing that the only time we have been wrong was when we tried to make out that we were. Indeed, if we had admitted that we were wrong we think that we should now have to pay up again and look pleasant, but we certainly didn't go down to defeat without hope on that occasion. Mr. MacLeod's letter was the best attempt we had received of some thousands to beat us for that one hundred dollars, and we desired to encourage active and intelligent interest in the problems of golf—therefore we parted.

Therefore, at any other time when the matter is good enough we shall again "part."

Now let me give you Mr. Putter's letter. He encloses his real name, and he is evidently a live man, as I think you will see on reading his letter:

"TO PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT:"

"In last week's PUCK you print Mr. John H. MacLeod's letter on the address in putting; and saying that you 'feel that in the main his theory is sound,' admit it as a demonstration of an error in one of your golf conversations, and pay the forfeit. And yet you do not accept Mr. MacLeod's theory as a guide for practice. Can a theory be right if practical experience is against it? A sound theory is an explanation of facts. Thirty-five years ago a professor of physics told his questioning students that it was theoretically impossible for a pitched ball to describe a laterally curved path. He was invited to a demonstration; and the university pitcher curved the ball around a sheltering tree so that it came in contact with the profes-

the adjustment is first attempted behind the ball. And, at the same time, he so fixes the line of the putt in his mind, that the final address behind the ball is truer.

"This reasonable theory accords with the best expert practice and explains it. It is a demonstration of the inadequacy of Mr. MacLeod's hypothesis, and of the error you make in your half-hearted acceptance of it.

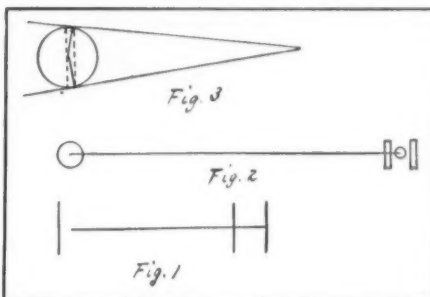
"Yours faithfully,

"A. G. PUTTER."

"Postscript.—In regard to Mr. MacLeod's calculations: They are substantially correct; the angle is somewhat larger than he states—30° 26.5' instead of 30°—and the toe of a four inch putter swings about 1.56 instead of 1.64 of an inch, in either direction, to miss the putt from the distance of twenty feet, making the limit of movement for a successful putt about 1.28 of an inch.

"Incidentally, it may be noted that the actual available width of the hole becomes slightly less as the ball is nearer to it. This is shown in Fig. 3. At the same time, the angular width of the hole as seen from the ball, or what may be called the size of the target for aiming purposes, becomes greater nearly in proportion to the decrease in distance; hence the greater certainty of the shorter putt.

"A. G. P."



son's person. One stubborn fact can demolish the most elaborate theory, and, as in this case, a new theory must be found. It is an undoubted fact that, in putting, the best approved usage is that of the preliminary frontal address. And it is approved because it gives the best results. There must be, then, a fallacy in Mr. MacLeod's theory, and, if so, your acceptance of it, and substantial award for it, are the first real errors I have discovered in your admirable discussions.

"Here is a 'theory' which explains the fact of usage: The purpose of the address, whether in front of or behind the ball, is to adjust the club at right angles to the line of aim. This line is an imaginary one, and is imaged more clearly between its natural extremities—the hole and the ball—than in its extension beyond the ball. Given an actual line, as in Figs. 1 and 2, it is obviously easier to draw a short line at right angles to it at some point on the line than at or beyond the end of the line. The reason for this is that, in the former case, one has as a guide four angles which are to be made equal, instead of two as in the other positions. Hence, in the frontal address, the player is more likely to place his putter accurately than if

Mr. Putter's admirable arguments may give encouragement to those who use the frontal address, or who desire to do so. Personally, I am in favor of it. I always use it, and I am very much inclined to think that it is of real value. Had I not thought so I should not have advocated it as I have in various books.

If we may take all that Mr. A. G. Putter says as gospel truth, we must come to the conclusion that Mr. MacLeod, of Calgary, was a lucky man to get away with that one hundred dollars.

As a matter of fact and practical golf, one can be a deadly putter with either method, but there is in all games, always, I think, one best way. It is very rare, indeed, to find two methods equally good. For that reason I am always glad to welcome the keenest and most intelligent criticism.

Putting is something like mowing—except, and it is a rather large exception, in the stroke.

Half the secret of mowing is to have a good tool, and to keep it always in perfect condition.

So it is with putting. Not one player in fifty has a putter which fits him and suits him. He spends half his time fighting his putter instead of being at one with it, and feeling, when he takes

(Continued on page 22)

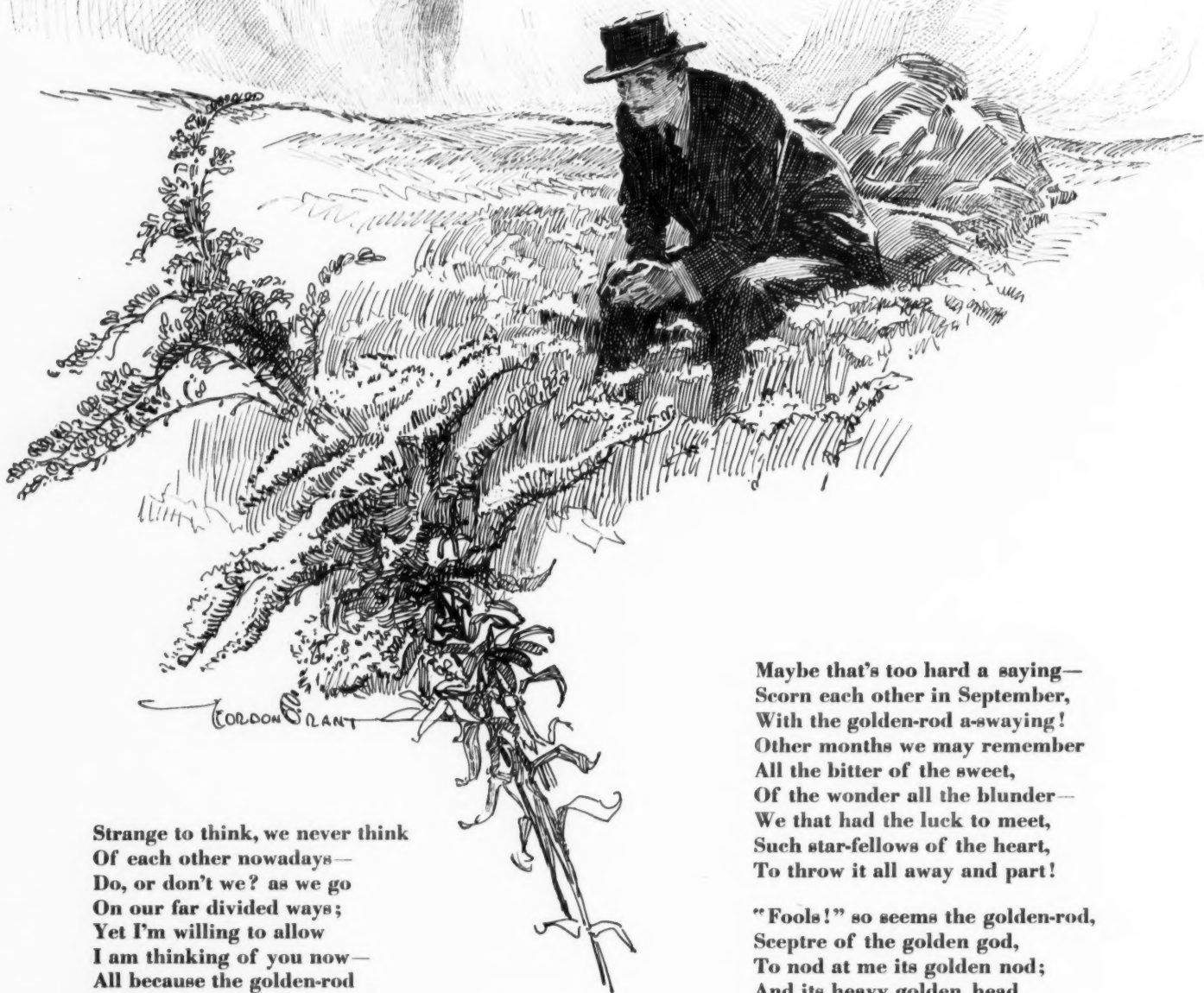


AN OFFICE JOKE

"What are we here for? Does anybody know? Why, surely. We were to have been a decorative strip in PUCK'S Yachting Number, but the cup race was called off."

Golden Rod

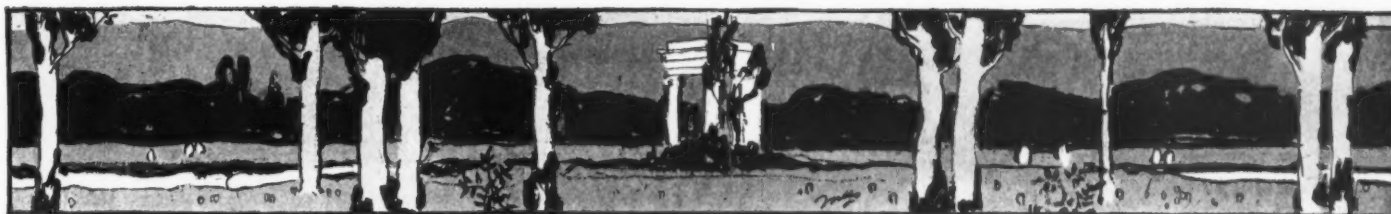
by Richard Le Gallienne



Strange to think, we never think
Of each other nowadays—
Do, or don't we? as we go
On our far divided ways;
Yet I'm willing to allow
I am thinking of you now—
All because the golden-rod
Nods with such a golden nod,
Such a meaning golden nod;
Meaning you and me that morning
And the golden road we trod.
Who'd have dreamed we'd come to scorning
Mention of each other's name—
Name that once was flower and flame,
Flame and flower, like golden-rod.

Maybe that's too hard a saying—
Scorn each other in September,
With the golden-rod a-awaying!
Other months we may remember
All the bitter of the sweet,
Of the wonder all the blunder—
We that had the luck to meet,
Such star-fellows of the heart,
To throw it all away and part!

"Fools!" so seems the golden-rod,
Sceptre of the golden god,
To nod at me its golden nod;
And its heavy golden head
Seems heavy too with tears—
Tears for all the things we said,
For two hearts as good as dead,
And all the wasted years.



By C. B. FALLS

THE SEVEN ARTS

~ ~ BY JAMES HVNEKER ~ ~

Puvis de Chavannes Although he has been dead since October 24th, 1898, critical battles are still fought

over the artistic merits of Puvis de Chavannes. Whether you agree with Huysmans and call this mural painter a pasticheur of the Italian Primitives, or else the greatest artist in decoration since Paolo Veronese, depends much on your critical temperament. There are many to whom Henri Martin's gorgeous color—really the methods of Monet applied to vast spaces—or the blazing originality of Albert Besnard make more intimate appeal than the pallid poetry, solemn rhythms and faded moonlit tonal gamut of Puvis. Because the names of Gustave Moreau and Puvis were often associated, Huysmans, always *ab irato*, cries against the "obsequious heresy" of the conjunction, forgetting that the two men were friends. Marius Vauchon, despite his excessive admiration for Puvis, has rendered a service to his memory in his study, because he has shown us the real, not the legendary man. With Vauchon, we are far from Huysmans, and his succinct, but disagreeable, epigram: "C'est un vieux rigoudon qui s'essaie dans le requiem." The truth is, that some idealists were disappointed to find Puvis to be a sane, healthy, solidly-built man, a bon vivant in the best sense of the phrase, without a suggestion of the morbid, vaporing pontiff or haughty Olympian. Personally he was not in the least like his art, a crime that sentimental persons seldom forgive. A Burgundian—born at Lyons, December 14th, 1824—he possessed all the characteristics of his race. Aceticism was the last quality to seek in him. A good dinner with old vintage, plenty of comrades, above all the society of his beloved Princess Cantacuzene, whose devotion to her husband was the one romantic note in his career; these, and twelve hours toil a day in his atelier made up the long life of this distinguished painter. He lived for a half-century between his two ateliers, on the Place Pigalle, and at Neuilly. Notwithstanding his arduous combat with the Institute and public indifference, his cannot be called an unhappy existence. He had his art, in the practice of which he was a veritable fanatic; he was rich through inheritance, and he was happy in his love; affluence, art, love, a triad to attain, for which most men yearn, came to Puvis. Yet the gadfly of ambition was in his flesh. He was a visionary, even a recluse, like his friend Moreau, but a fighter for his ideas; and those ideas have shown not only French artists, but the entire world, the path back to true mural tradition. It is not an exaggeration to say that Puvis created modern decorative art.

His Early Training

His father was chief engineer of mines, a strong-willed, successful man. Like father, like son, was true in this case, though the young De Chavannes, after some opposition, elected painting as his profession. He had fallen ill, and a trip to Italy was ordained. There he did not, as has been asserted, linger over Pompeii, or in the Roman Catacombs, but saved his time and enthusiasm for the Quattrocentisti. He admired the old Umbrian and Tuscan masters, he was ravished by the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi, and by Santa Maria Novella, Florence. Titian, Tintoretto, finally Veronese, riveted his passion for what has been falsely styled the "archaic." Returning to Paris he was conducted by his friend Beauderon to the studio of Delacroix, whom he adored. He remained just fifteen days, when the shop was closed. Delacroix, in a rage because of the lack of talent and funds among his pupils, sent them away. Puvis had been under the tuition of

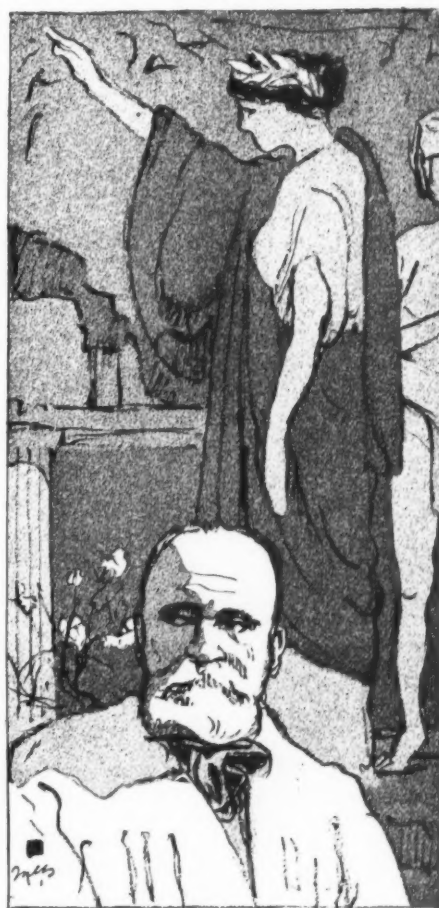
Henri, the brother of Ary Scheffer, and for years spoke with reverence of that serious but mediocre painter. He next sought the advice

of Couture, and remained with him three months, not, however, quarrelling with the master, as did later another pupil, Edouard Manet. Puvis was tractable enough; he had one failing—not always a sign of either talent or the reverse—he refused to see or paint as he was told by his teachers, or, indeed, like other pupils. Because of this stubbornness, his enemies, among whom ranked the most powerful critics of Paris, declared that he had never been grounded in the elements of his art, that he could not draw or design, that his color sense only proved color blindness. To be sure, he does not boast a fulgurating brush, and his line is often stiff and awkward; but he had the fundamentals of decorative art well in hand.

After his death thousands of sketches, designs, pencilled memoranda and cartoons were found, and then there was whistled another tune. His draughtsmanship is that of a decorative artist, as the Rodin drawings are those of a sculptor, not of a painter. Considering the rigid standard by which the work of Puvis was judged, criticism was not altogether wrong, as was claimed when the wave of reaction set in. His easel pictures are not ingratiating. He does not show well in a gallery. He needs huge spaces in which to swim about; there he makes the compositions of other men seem pigmy. It is the case of Wagner repeated, though there is little likeness between the ideas of the Frenchman and the German, except an epical bigness. Judged by the

The Art of Puvis

classical concert-room formulas, Wagner must not be compared with the miniaturist Mendelssohn. His form is the form of the music-drama, not the symphonic form. Time, place, action, are the three unities that inexorably hem in the drama of Wagner. Puvis adhered to one principle: A wall is a wall, and not an easel picture; it is flat, and that flatness must be emphasized, not disguised; decoration is the desideratum. He contrived a schematic painting that would harmonize with the flatness, with the texture and the architectural surroundings, and, as George Moore has happily said: "No other painter ever kept this end so strictly before his eyes. For this end Chavannes reduced his palette almost to a monochrome, for this end he models in two flat tints, for this end he draws in huge undisciplined masses. . . . Mural decoration, if it form part of the wall, should be a variant of the stonework." One might take exception to the word "undisciplined"—Puvis was one of the most calculating painters that ever used a brush, and one of the most cerebral. His favorite aphorism was: "Beauty is character." His figures have been called immobile, his palette impoverished; the unfair sex abused his lean, lanky female creatures, and finally he was named a painter for Lent—for fast days. Even the hieratic figures of Moreau were pronounced opulent in comparison with the pale moon-lighted spectres of the Puvis landscapes. Courbet, in Paris, was known as the "furious madman"; Puvis, as the "tranquil lunatic." Nine of his pictures were refused at the Salon, though in 1859 he exhibited there his "Return from Hunting," and, in 1861, even received a second-class medal. His fecundity was enormous. His principal work comprises the "Life of St. Genevieve" (the Saint is a portrait of his princess), at the Pantheon; "Summer" and "Winter" at the Hotel de Ville, the decorations for the Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, the decorations at Rouen, "Inter Artes et Naturam;" at



Puvis de Chavannes

(Continued on page 21)

THE SWIMMING LESSON

BEFORE you, ladies and gentlemen, is the square, enclosed pool, bounded by a narrow footway. To the right is a three hundred pound Swimming Instructor. You know he is an S. I., because it says so on his jersey. Otherwise you might suppose he was a corporation lawyer, or, anyhow, something connected with a corporation. In addition to his physical avoirdupois he has a confident air that weighs at least a ton. Also he is on dry land. Thus in many ways he has it on the pupil, who weighs only one hundred and twelve pounds, who lost all confidence and hope ten minutes ago, and who is at present entirely surrounded by water. Around his left wrist the Pupil has a strap with a tag stamped K-11. Returning this the Pupil hopes eventually to redeem his valuables, which he left in the Checking Room. He is praying high heaven that in case he drowns the newspapers will not publish that letter in his bill-fold. You see it is a letter that—but why go into details?

INSTRUCTOR (he is going to teach the Pupil to swim or kill him): One! Two! Three! Not that way! **BREATHE!**

PUPIL (doing his best which isn't much): Woof! Woof!

INSTRUCTOR (very angry): One! Two! Three! Not that way! **BREATHE!** How you gunna swim if you dunna how ta breathe?

SHARP-FACED YOUNG MAN (just dressed): Aw, he's comin' along fine. (To Pupil.) Say, you're comin' along fine.

INSTRUCTOR (always there with the helpful stuff): One! Two! Three! Not that way! **BREATHE!**

MERRY YOUTHFUL EXPERT (pursued by friend): You ain't tagged me yet. Tee-hee-hee! (They race out of the picture after splattering everybody within twenty feet.)

INSTRUCTOR (hoarsely): Keep away, d'yuh hear, or I'll crack your necks. (To Pupil.) What's a matter of you? Why don't you do like I say?

SHARP-FACED YOUNG MAN: Aw, he's comin' along fine. (To Pupil.) Say, you're comin' along fine.

LITTLE BROTHER (in far end of pool, tearfully): I wanna go ho-o-ome. I wanna go



A Sensible Hat at Last!

ho-o-o-GLOB! (The sweet old word with so many pleasant associations ends thus in "glob," because at this precise moment Big Brother pulls Little Brother under water. Big Brother may seem rough, but he knows well that a good ducking is the only way to make a man of Little Brother.)

LITTLE BROTHER (yelping piteously as he gets on his feet): I'll tell Pa on you. I wanna go ho-o-o-GLOB! (Big Brother may have poor material to work with, but he is doing the best he can.)

INSTRUCTOR (fiercely): One! Two! Three! Not that way. **BREATHE!** (At this moment,

hoping to please all, the Pupil DOES breathe, and thereby acquires about two gallons more water than he can profitably dispose of.)

PUPIL: Ch-ck-ck-chck—

SARCASTIC BATHER (murmuring): Keep it—it's yours. Positively no charge for water swallowed.

INSTRUCTOR (bitter irony): Did I tell yuh to breathe WATER?

SHARP-FACED YOUNG MAN: Aw, he's comin' along fine. (To Pupil.) You're comin' along fine.

PUPIL (giving up): I—I guess I'll quit now. Important engagement. (The Instructor grunts as much as to say: "Why bother with low grade imbeciles?")

SHARP-FACED YOUNG MAN (considerately helping Pupil out of water): You're comin' along fine. But you wanta take this strap off'n your wrist as soon as you git out. (He considerably removes Pupil's check strap, and puts it in his own pocket.) Li'ble to give you blood poison. (The Pupil, still somewhat dazed from those two gallons, does not question this scientific item nor does he remember the incident till, after dressing, he tries to get his valuables without the check strap.)

CHECKROOM MAN: K-11? Why a young fella with F-28 turns in K-11 to me. He says it's fur a friend. Ain't it all right? What did you give it to 'im fur? (The Pupil says nothing, but thinks so loud that you can pretty nearly hear some of his thoughts. From the tank there comes a faint, long-drawn wail: "I wanna go ho-o-o-GLOB!")

Horatio Winslow.

SWEETNESS

To kiss away a maiden's tear
Is really worth the trying.
Select a time when no one's near
To kiss away a maiden's tear.
The only drawback is, I fear,
That she will keep on crying!
To kiss away a maiden's tear
Is really worth the trying.

Every cloud has a silver lining but
a war cloud—that demands gold.

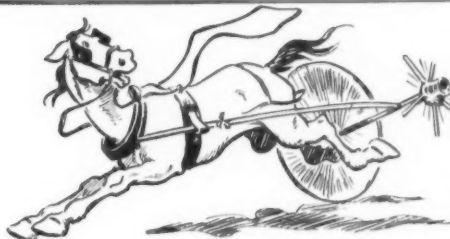


Is the young woman lost in the tall grass? No, dearie, she is singing at an afternoon concert.



OUR BESS

By heck, she needed heavy reins
When first we druv her to the trains.
To get that mare completely broke
To bicycles was no blame joke.
When she got used to auto cars
We felt so glad we thanked our stars.
She got so gentle, that old mare,
That ma could drive her anywhere.
But, what's the use? It's all off now!
I wouldn't trust her with a plow.
To-day she smashed the rig again,
Skidooin' from an aeroplane.



MORAL SENSITIVENESS

He came home and found his wife in tears.
"Why, dear—what —"

"It's n-n-nothing," she sobbed bravely, trying to wipe away her tears, "only t-t-to-night is our w-w-wedding anniversary —"

He said something under his breath, ending with: "I forgot that present after all! Dear, I'm a brute." He seized his hat. "I'll run right back and —"

But she sobbed afresh. "It isn't the p-p-present. I didn't exp-p-pect you to remember that. But, it's been s-s-seven years —"

He gnawed his mustache. Then, suddenly, a light over-spread his face. "And it makes you feel so old? You

poor baby. Why, you don't look a day over sixt —"

"But it isn't that! I d-d-don't mind getting old, we've been so h-h-happy!"

He gave it up. "Then, darling, why in the name of Smith —"

"They s-s-say," she sobbed afresh, "that every bit of a person is changed every s-s-seven years! And it seems so d-d-dreadful to think I'm living with a d-d-different man from the one I m-m-married!"

When your friend says he wants to speak to you privately, your first thought is what he has found out and your second will he be able to keep it to himself.

A GOOD SPORT

"'Count o' de stawm dat am now 'radicatin' round us and de fact dat dar isn't nobody yuh but me and yo', muh brudder," said good old Parson Bagster, on a most unsalubrious Sabbath morning not long ago. "I's gwine to postpone de sarmint twell next Sunday."

"But, loogy yuh, sah!" expostulated Brother Boluss, the sole auditor. "I'se dcne tromped two miles, wid de rains ascendin' and de floods uh-ragin', dess to heah yo' preach, uh-kaze I's mightily troubled in muh mind 'bout muh sins. And I'd sho' admiah to git relief fum muh woe. Tell yo' what I'll do wid yo', Pahson—I'll flip nickels, fling dice, or wrassel yo' side-holts, to see whudder yo' preaches dat sarmint or I trudges back home th'oo de stawm wid muh 'nickerties heavy upon me."

SHIRTSLEEVES TO SHIRTSLEEVES

A Tale of Two Generations

Chapter One,
Gold mine;

Chapter Two,
Gold spoon;

Chapter Three,
Gold cure.

PROSAIC WAR

The poet gazed sadly at a stack of war poems which the editors had returned.

"Sherman said it," he muttered between set teeth.

According to the new reckoning a cheap car makes a cheap man.

RECOMMENDING HIM

"What kind of a husband will he make?"

"One that is perfectly safe for a woman to drive."

The average woman would prefer to have a man lie about loving her to loving her in silence.

Holland is just one—dam town after another.



HIS FIRST STOGIE

A MASTERFUL MAN

(Continued from page 10)

Before the 'bus reached Thirty-fourth Street I saw that this lovely lady would yield to me. The signs were unmistakable, the shining of her eyes, the flush of her cheeks, the quivering of her lips, the heaving of her bosom. I was not to be resisted, that was evident. And yet she had not spoken one word, she had scarcely found a chance to speak against the rushing torrent of my impetuous appeal.

At Forty-second Street we changed to a taxicab, for other passengers were crowding in, and we wished to be alone while I dwelt eloquently upon the mysterious significance of this whole occurrence, the losing and finding of the ring, our fateful meeting, our swiftly-aroused passion and mutual sweet surrender, and now the marvellous fact that, within forty-five minutes of our first encounter, we were actually speeding to a justice of the peace who would join us in the bonds of holy matrimony.

And still the lady had not spoken one word!

So filled was I with the wonder of all this, the bigness of it, the unusualness of it, that I begged her to prolong the mystery of her silence. There were still twelve minutes to complete the hour, and it was my earnest wish that we be married within that brief span, actually married within a single hour of our meeting—firmly, indissolubly married before I even knew her name or had heard the silver music of her voice. I defy anyone to find, in the whole range of history and literature, such a stupendous fancy, such an instance of trust and devotion. It was worthy of me!

The justice of the peace was an old friend of mine, a man who owed his success in life to my good offices. I had made him what he was, and he was duly grateful.

"We must be married within the hour," I said to him. "We have seven minutes."

The justice of the peace was greatly disturbed when he found that we had no marriage license. And his trouble deepened when I explained our mutual wish that the lady go through the ceremony without giving her name and without speaking a word. The joy of her eyes and a graceful inclination of her adorable head would, I assured him, sufficiently indicate her acquiescence.

The justice of the peace lifted his shoulders, lifted his eyebrows, lifted his hands in a vain effort to dissuade me from my purpose. Then he yielded, as men always yield—to me. At three minutes before the hour we stood happily before him. At two minutes before the hour I slipped the fateful ring upon my darling's finger. At one minute before the hour he pronounced us man and wife. Then, with a radiant light in my eyes, I turned to the lady:

"Now, my dear, you may speak. The great moment has come. We have met and dominated an unusual situation. We have carried it through to an extraordinary and triumphant climax. Now, my love, open your beautiful lips and speak. Let the fateful utterance, treasured in your heart, come forth. Speak, darling, speak!"

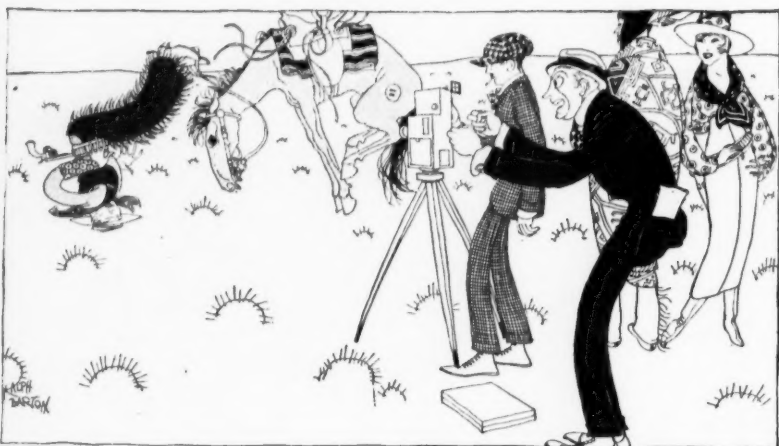
And the lady said, timidly, holding out her hand: "Excuse me, but—you put this ring on the wrong finger."

"Ah! of course," I said. "How stupid of me! It should be the left hand. Let me have your exquisite left hand. Why—what? A wedding ring? Ah, I see! You are a widow!"

But the lady sighed wistfully, and shook her head.

"No, I am married, and my husband—that is he *was* my husband—I don't know what he is now, but—he's at home—up-town—waiting dinner for me, and I guess we'd better telephone, dear, for—he's a masterful man, too."

The Socialists have overlooked pointing out that the title of Prince is also commonly applied to a pet dog.



MOVIES IN THE MAKING

DIRECTOR (to impromptu cowboy): Great, old man! Hold that pose!

MODEST

SILLICUS: The man who is always talking about his achievements might employ his time to better advantage.

CYNICUS: Yes, he might be talking about ours.

Whiskers never prevented a man from telling a barefaced lie.



DIARY January 11, 1811.
"We started to Philadelphia today, and it proved a rare cold day for a journeying. We left the coach at noon-day for the comforts of a wayside inn, where we lingered over some wonderful

Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years"

Thoroughly appreciated in the days of stage-coach journeys—and just as good today. A straight Pennsylvania Rye whiskey of mellow flavor and rare bouquet. Aged in the wood and bottled in bond.

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Daniel O'Connell—"The Liberator"

OLD ERIN has given the world many a genius and many a Lover of Liberty, but none greater than the eloquent O'Connell. This noble Irishman unselfishly devoted every moment of his life to regain the Freedom of his Fatherland. His oratory, because of its flaming earnestness, exercised a powerful influence over the House of Commons and hastened many reforms for Ireland. Daniel O'Connell was the first to realize the irresistible strength of a union of millions of Irishmen, and to this end he labored night and day. Huge mass meetings were everywhere organized throughout Ireland and addressed by the masterful O'Connell. When confident of success and with victory in sight he was arrested and condemned to prison. When liberated his splendid constitution was shattered, but he continued until his dying hour to work and pray for Irish Liberty. It is needless to say that Daniel O'Connell was opposed to any Prohibitory legislation which invaded the Natural Rights of Man. He would no more vote for such tyrannous enactments than will our millions of Irish-American citizens. They know that there is no evil in the barley brews and light wines of their fathers—EVIL ONLY IS IN THE MAN WHO MISUSES THEM. For 57 years Anheuser-Busch have honestly brewed honest beers, and they are proud of the popularity their great brand Budweiser enjoys with those of Irish blood. Our Irish citizens have helped to make our nation among the nations of the world. Seven thousand, five hundred people are daily required to keep pace with the natural demand for Budweiser.

Bottled only at the home plant

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



Budweiser
Means Moderation



THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

Rouen, "The Sacred Wood," "Vision Antique," "The Rhone," "The Saone"; the decorations at Amiens, "War," "Peace," "Rest," "Labor," "Ave Picardia Nutrix," and two smaller grisailles, "Vigilance" and "Fancy"; at Marseilles, the "Marseilles, Porte de Orient," and "Marseilles, the Greek Colony"; the decorations for the Boston Public Library, and his easel picture, "The Poor Fisherman," now in the Luxembourg. As to this latter, the painter explained that he had found the model in the person of a wretchedly poor fisherman at the estuary of the Seine; the young girl is a sister, and the landscape is that of the surroundings, though, as is the case with Puvis, greatly generalized. The above is but a slender list. New York has at the Metropolitan Museum at least one of his works, and in the collection here of John Quinn, Esq., there is the brilliant masterpiece, "The Beheading of John the Baptist," and two large mural decorations, "The River" and "The Vintage." They were painted in 1866. They are Museum pictures.

Characteristics

All his frescoes are applied canvases. He didn't worry much over antique methods, nor can it be said that his work is an attempt to rehabilitate the Italian Primitives. On the contrary, Puvis is distinctly modern, and that is his chief offence in the eyes of official French art; while the fact that his "modernity" was transposed to decorative purposes, and appeared in so strange a guise, caused the younger men to eye him suspiciously. (Just as some recalcitrant music critics refuse to recognize in certain compositions of Johannes Brahms the temperamental romantic.) Thus in the estimation of rival camps Puvis fell between two stools. He has been styled a latter-day Domenico Ghirlandajo, but this attribution rings more literary than literal. His men and women are not precisely pagan, nor are they biblical. But they reveal traits of both strained through a drastic "modern" intellect. They are not abstractions; the men are virile, the women maternal. There is the spirit of humanity, not of decadence. Puvis, like Moreau, did not turn his back to the rising sun. He admired Degas, Manet, Monet. At first he patterned after his friend Chasseriau, a fine and too little-known painter, and at one time a mural decorator before he became immersed in Oriental themes. The lenten landscapes of Puvis are not merely scenic backgrounds, but integral parts of the general decorative web, and they are not conceived in No-Man's-Land, but selected from the vicinity of Paris. Puvis is by no means a virtuoso. His pace is usually andante; but he knows how to evoke a mood, summon the solemn music of mural spaces. His is a theme with variations. The wall or ceiling is ever the theme. His crabbed fugues soon melt into the larger austere music of the wall. His choral walls are true epopees. He is a master harmonist. He sounds oftener the symphonic than the lyric note. He gains his most moving effects without setting in motion the creaking allegorical machinery of the Academy. He shows the simple attitudes of life transfigured without rhetoric. He avoids frigid allegory, yet employs symbols. His tonal attenuations, elliptical and syncopated rhythms, his atmosphere of the remote, the mysterious—all these give the spectator the sense of serenity, momentary freedom from the feverishness of everyday life, and suggest the lofty wisdom of the classic poets. But the serpent of futile melancholy, of the brief cadence of mortal dreams, and of the vanishing seconds that defile down the corridor of time, has stolen into this Garden of the Hesperides. Puvis de Chavannes, no more than Gustave Moreau, could escape the inquietude of his times. He is occasionally Parisian and often pessimist.

Misunderstood

The inability of his contemporaries to understand his profound decorative genius; his tact in the handling of the great problem of lighting—the key is always higher because of the different or softer light of public buildings and the gloom of churches—and his feeling for the wall, purely as wall, a flat space, not to be confounded with the pseudo-art that would make the picture like an open window in the wall, but based on the flatness of the material and the aerial magic of his spacing, sorely troubled him for half a century. Doubtless it was his refusal to visit Boston and study there the architectural conditions of the Public Library that resulted in the hangfire of his decorations, though they are of an exalted order. One at least served as a spring-board for decorative impulse of Besnard, as may be noted in his frescoes on the ceiling at the Hotel de Ville, Paris.

His Tender Heart

That Puvis de Chavannes was not an unfeeling Bonze of art, but a man of tender heart and warm affections was proved after the death of his much-loved Princess Marie Cantacuzene. Two months later sorrow over her loss killed him. He had painted the thousand and one expressive moments in the life of our species as a hymn to humanity, and their contours are eternal. Eternal? A vain phrase; but eternal till the canvas fades and the walls decay, that is nearer the truth. But art is long and appreciation a chilly consolation. Let us stick to the eternal verities.

The cash value of the Nobel Peace Prize would buy a Krupp gun, and let you shoot it off twice!

HIS GRAND RUSH

"We had an argument last night, 'Squire, about the real cause of the European war," said the village bore, upon discovering the Old Codger sitting in the shade and indulging in the pleasures of introspection. "Some of us blamed one nation and some another, and I thought I'd like to have your opinion on—"

"By ginger!" interrupted the veteran, springing up in haste. "Sorry, Merton, but I haven't time to settle that for you now. You see, I just happened to remember that my niece told me this morning to be sure to do something right away. I am not certain yet whether it was to have a tooth pulled or get my picture taken, but I'm pretty well convinced that it was one or the other of 'em. Probably just about the time I am in the midst of having one operation performed I'll recollect that it was the other that Phoeny wanted me to go through. G'day!"

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SATISFACTORY PROGRESS

"How is your nephew, who graduated from the university, getting along?"

"Fine!" triumphantly declared the Old Codger. "He don't talk about it more than half as much as he did first."

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Rex Beach

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has just been published and is for sale at your bookseller's. The story is written with all the author's well-known virility of style and has more humor in it than any other of Beach's books.

HARPER & BROTHERS



LILY cups—those nice
individuals made by
the public service cup co
bklyn. for use in theatres
stores and offices of the
better sort are very gen-
erally provided by dentists

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE



THREE STRIKES IN SUCCESSION IN BASEBALL

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 15)

it up, that it is going to do for him what he wants it to do. Here are a few little things to remember about putting:

Have your eye right over the ball. Have your eye, the ball, and the center of the hole in the same vertical plane.

Never use a broad-soled or shallow-faced putter.

Never use a putter with more loft than just enough to let you see the face of it when you are addressing the ball.

Keep the face of your putter at a right angle to the intended line of run at the time of the address, in the swing back and in the follow through.

If you observe these few rules you cannot putt badly.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

UNCLE EZRA: What's young Eph Hoskins doing with the pink socks and the spats?

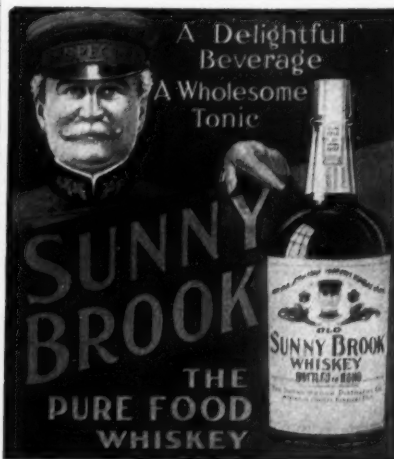
UNCLE EBEN: He's going down to New York. Eph allows as how with all the European counts and dukes being bottled up now, it's a golden opportunity for the stylish American youth to cop off an heiress.



THREE STRIKES IN SUCCESSION IN BOWLING

THE CLIMBER

MRS. CRAWFORD: Now that you can keep up with your neighbors, what will you do next?
MRS. CRABSHAW: Move.



Denmark will remain strictly neutral. She hasn't recovered from Doc. Cook yet!

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Here we go again, breaking all records for new, nobby, ahead-of-the-time styles. Be the first in your town to wear a suit that is ahead of the time. Earn it while you wear it; we send the suit complete; you can make big money too; there is \$50 to \$100 a Week in it for you. Drop us a postal for our advance book, select the styles you want and the cloth; let us prove how you can get

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IF I could bring you in contact with my wonderfully developed physical and mental energy, and show you what I have done and am doing daily for others, I know that I could easily and quickly prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and half as well developed as you ought to be. The fact is that no matter who you are, I can prove to you positively, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life, and I want to show you the only way in which you may, speedily and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come into possession of real health, vigor, energy, development, and a higher realization of life, success and yourself.

THE SWOBODA SYSTEM

with the Least Expenditure of Time, Energy and Money, and with no Inconvenience, Builds vigorous brains, superb, energetic bodies, develops great reserve force, strong muscles, creates a perfect circulation, by vitalizing and developing the body, brain, and nerves to their highest power. When I say that I give something different, something new, more scientific, more rational, effective, and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane of efficiency and action, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my system, are saying for me voluntarily.

The Swoboda System is no experiment. I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics, and laborers and almost an equal number of women.

The Swoboda System is so successful because it does not stop with mere primary physiological effect, but it proceeds beyond the effect of ordinary exercise, into the realm of organic evolution, through the secondary and tertiary effects. It energizes, develops, recreates and causes the body internally and externally to adapt itself, for greater success in promoting the realization of perfect health and physical organization.

The reason the **Swoboda System** is in advance of any other method is because it energizes, develops and vibrates at a high rate the cells, which are the units of every tissue and organ, internal and external, and thus fundamentally builds up the body as no form of superficial exercise can. No other form of culture acts upon the cells so directly, consciously, and positively. The improvement is noticeable from the first day.

Pupils are men and women, and range in age from 14 to 92



The Originator of personal mail instructions in Physiological Exercise

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."
"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."
"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."
"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."
"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"
"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."
"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."
"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible; my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."
"Your system develops the will as much as the muscle."
"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."
"Your system developed me most wonderfully."
"I believe it will do all you claim for it; it has certainly made me feel ten years younger."
"I consider your system the finest thing a man can take, and would not take anything for the benefit I have received."
"Ten minutes of your exercise is equal in value to three hours of horseback riding."

"Effect was almost beyond belief."
"Chest measurement increased 5½ inches in 60 days."
"All your promises have been fulfilled."
"Swoboda System an intense pleasure."
"Muscles developed to a remarkable degree."
"Gained 20 pounds in weight."
"Did not expect such wonderful results."
"I thought it impossible to get such results."
"Increased 16 pounds in 60 days."
"Gains 17 pounds, sleeps better, muscles larger."
"Your system is a recreation."
"Cannot speak too highly of your system."
"Considers it a great discovery."
"Ten minutes of your system better than hours of any other."
"Very first lesson worked magically."
"Although I have only been performing the exercises four days my muscles are much firmer already."

Why remain physiologically and physically imperfect and incomplete—when the **Swoboda System** quickly and positively strengthens the heart, lungs and all internal organs, as well as the nervous system, and thus promotes ideal health and physiological perfection?

Join the Swoboda Army of Vigorous, Strong, and Happy Men and Women

My New Copyrighted Book is Free. It explains the **Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution** and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book is not a dry treatise on anatomy and physiology. It tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the **Dangers of Exercise** and of **Excessive Deep Breathing**.

Unless you already know all about the **Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution** for men and women, you should lose no time in securing my free book. It will give you information which you will value, because it will open new avenues through which you may become successful in satisfying your most intense desires.

I offer my System on a basis which makes it impossible for you to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, positive and fraud-proof.

Write for my **Free Book** and full particulars to-day before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the **Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution** for men and women.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA

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